

The Gravity of Things by **ThisAccountKillsFascists**

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Summary: It's been half a year since the Pines Twins left the Mystery Shack, but now they're back for winter break. But something doesn't seem right in the house of Stan Squared, and Dipper's on to it. Can he figure out yet another mystery, before it's too late? Rated T for violence and horror themes. [On Hiatus until new Stranger Things episodes air probably to fuel my muse]

The Gravity of Things

Dipper Pines was a mostly ordinary boy, destined for scholastic learning and graced with a chunk of curiosity which could easily rival the most dead of cats. His life had been normal, that is, until he was fated one summer to visit Gravity Falls, Oregon. From then on, nothing was ever the same.

Of course, you, dear reader, must know the story of the brave boy and his rambunctious twin, whom battled changelings, defeated zombie hordes, and tussled with the worst demon uprising mankind has ever known.

But the little-told story of the following winter is a tale not often recounted.

You see, the Pines Twins were familiar at this point with the supernatural. Dipper had studied under his Great Uncles, learned from the best. Even Mabel had picked up lots of knowledge on the subject, though to her the supernatural was hardly super at all. To her, life itself was a party, and things that were wild or unknown were only part of the whole.

But to Stanley and Stanford Pines, there was serious danger in that unknown, danger which had ultimately led Stanford to retract his offer for Dipper to stay in Gravity Falls, and he'd sent him home.

But soon enough, the Pines Twins found out the hard way how to understand the gravity of things.

Chapter One: The Kraken

It was cold, to say the least, though why Dipper hadn't expected it, he wasn't sure. Mabel, of course, was forever equipped for any weather, but the moment the car sped away from the Mystery Shack, leaving them to their winter break at their most beloved vacation spot, their parents fading into the distance down the road, the cold finally sunk in.

For Dipper, he couldn't tell why but there was something off about the Shack, all covered in snow. It was like the building itself was wary, watching out for some sort of danger. But the moment that Stanley stepped onto the porch, and waved to them, the feeling passed.

"Kids!" he called, his gravelly voice so harsh on his ears after so long, "I thought that might be you! How're my favorite rascals after all this time, huh?"

His cheerful demeanor brightened the eerie area back up, and a smile bloomed on the male twin's face. Mabel was already leaping on her Gruncle at this point, giving him the biggest of hugs.

"You wore my sweater!" she exclaimed, releasing Stanley and giving him a good jab in the ribs. He let out a muffled noise and rubbed the spot he'd been hit, before he nodded.

"Well yeah, what do you expect? I'm freezing my butt off here. It's not like a cabin in the woods is a good place to find a heater." He adjusted his fez, and motioned Dipper over. He'd been simply standing there, staring, taking it all in.

The Shack was done up to maintain it's credibility with tourists in the area whom were visiting relatives and passing through Oregon, so it had been given a liberal coating of Christmas decorations; there were lights, wreaths, and Santa-themed mock ups of some of the taxidermy attractions on the porch. When Dipper was finally feeling galvanized enough to move, he walked up the steps on the porch to follow the other two inside, using his foot to catch the door before it closed.

The interior of the Shack had been decorated as well, strings of lights hung from the roof, in all the colors of the rainbow. Tinsel and mistletoe lined the doorways. Even the paraphernalia aimed at the tourists had seen an overhaul to match the holiday. Evidently, it was probably a great source of income for the place, considering the holidays were always exploited by shady capitalists. And his Gruncle? The shadiest.

"Where's Wendy? And Soos?" Dipper asked, which Mabel seconded.

"With their families, just like me, obviously," Stan replied, as if he couldn't believe they'd even bothered asking in the first place. "I'm sure they'll drop by to see you two hooligans when they catch wind you're in town."

He led them further into the building so they could put their things away for the time being, stopping of course to slam a heavy fist on the side of the vending machine.

"FORD! Get your lazy mug up here and say hi to your great-niece and nephew!"

There was much commotion from the secret passage in response, and Stan stepped back as the entrance flung open.

"Get offa me you ungrateful bas- Ergh!" Ford backed out of the hall, using a mop like a spear as he attempted to contain some sort of tentacles from escaping the chamber. He promptly closed it when he'd had the chance, and sealed the vending machine door shut once more, before adjusting his glasses and dusting off his coat.

"Sorry, baby kraken. You know, for the study." He winked knowingly at Dipper, who laughed quietly.

"I didn't know krakens were a thing, too," he admitted, and Ford shrugged.

"They're mythical aren't they? Means the stories had to come from somewhere. Not easy to find, either, the ocean's a pretty big place. Had to take a trip for a week to get this thing here." He nonchalantly purchased a beverage from the vending machine as he spoke, and proceeded to drink it.

"So, how long do we get to be annoyed by Mabel this time?" Stan asked, leaning against a wall.

"A whole week!" she yelped, and, upon raising her fists, began to whoop repetitively in excitement.

"Yeah, I'm really looking forward to getting some answers for some of the questions I've got," Dipper stated, and Ford frowned slightly.

"Now, Dipper, what did I tell you about absorbing yourself in my journals?"

"I know, I know... But how could I not? It's not like I was going to learn this stuff in school."

"Yes, but Dipper, you must understand that school is important too. I couldn't have ever built the portal downstairs without understanding of physics, math, chemistry... There's a lot of good stuff there." Ford looked to Stan, hoping he'd back him up, but the man just shrugged, uncaring, before he leaned, scratched his backside, and went into the kitchen. Mabel decided to follow him, just as bored by the nerd talk as he was.

Ford placed a hand on Dipper's shoulder.

"Well, at least I can tell you that here, you're allowed to obsess. But try to get it out of your system a little more this time, so you can learn about everything, not just the paranormal." He offered a smile, and Dipper nodded.

"Now, let me guess, you want to see the kraken?" he offered, and Dipper nodded once more, more emphatically.

"First, then, we must pacify the beast!" Reaching into his coat, Ford produced a small object, which turned out to be an MP3 player. A couple steps to his left, and he grabbed a wired speaker sitting on the table, likely for just this purpose, plugged it in, and cranked up the tunes.

Dipper heard an unfamiliar tune, jazzy, but calming.

'Hey folks, here's a story 'bout Minnie the Moocha...' went the lyrics, and Ford took the speaker to the entrance, nodding to Dipper.

"Grab that mop, it'll take a second before the music does it's thing. Krakens, kiddo, well they can't stand blues very long without falling asleep. Messes with their heads, I've been trying to figure out why, but my vote is on the fact it is the thing most similar to the underwater noises produced by a mothering kraken. Now, getting one of THOSE monstrosities in the lab was impossible, so we'll have

to figure that one out later."

With that, he opened the entrance, leaving Dipper to frantically beat back tentacles as Stan turned up the music. Sure enough, after about a minute, the thing's tentacles slowed, until they finally drooped, and the baby kraken fell asleep. Dipper wiped his brow, and closed the entrance to the underground lair behind them.

"Wow, that's pretty neat... How'd you figure out that trick, Gruncle Ford?" Dipper questioned, and got a laugh in response.

"Oh, by testing, of course. Had to figure out some way to get it here, after all... When conventional noises didn't work, Stanley got bored and messed with my equipment so they played jazz from a local radio station. Worked like a charm, for both Stan and the kraken." He picked the squid-like abomination up in both arms, walking it the rest of the way down the stairs, and plopping it into the large tank he'd set up for containment, where it lazily drifted to the bottom of the water and settled sleepily along the imported sand.

Stanford made sure to seal the container again, after adding in a helping of fresh, dead fish for when it woke up.

"You know, Gruncle Ford, you never cease to amaze me," Dipper said, and hopped up on a stool at the instrument panel which had begun once more to take readings on the tank's occupant.

"I know! I amaze myself as well!" Ford shot back, and smiled. He produced a three-ring binder and dropped it on the panel in front of Dipper, flipping it open.

"Here's the notes I've got on it so far." Dipper looked them over, reading about the supposed abilities these things had.

"Krakens are trans-dimensional?" he asked in astonishment, and got a simple nod in response.

"You didn't think something like that would originate here, did you? Too much teeth. Our squids have beaks. No, these suckers come from, well, somewhere else. Can't figure out how, or where, though. That's where you come in. I could use an assistant on further testing."

Dipper's smile went ear-to-ear.

"I'd love to, Gruncle Ford."

[Author's Note: Here it is, the first installment of my idea for my first ever crossover. Fair warning if you intend further reading; I'm hoping to make this story a bit dark. I don't think I'll go full on with the descriptive horror, cuz last time I tried that, I apparently bothered people so much they notified moderators of the roleplaying site I was at. Turns out dragons eating people, when described by me, is a horrendously violent and disturbing experience. Who'd have guessed? (Me! They're practically T-rexes with wings!) In either case, if I happen to not fit into the T for teen rating, somebody let me know gently so I can change it to M or rewrite it because I'm trying to use the T to get more people reading it, not to scar kids for life. Thanks!]

EDIT: I'm working on the second chapter, however it's going slow because I'm focused on my massive M-rated Loud House fic. Any other projects I have going are waiting for random inspiration, and currently I've set the second chapter up, but the actual content of where I want to go with it hasn't come to me yet.]